It is now "golden September," and a few days later. For the last fortright Florence has been making strenuous efforts to leave the castle, but Dora would not hear of their departure, and Florence, feeling it will be selfish of her to cut short Dora's happy hours with her supposed lover, sighs, and gives in, and sacrifices he own wishes on the alta of friendship.

It is five o'clock, and all the men, gun ... hand, have been out since early dawn. Now they are coming straggling home, in one or twos. Amongst the first to return are Sir Adrian and his cousin Arthur Dynecourt, who, having met accidentally about a mile from home, have trudged the remaind-

er of the way together. On the previous night at dinner, Miss Delmaine had spoken of a small gold bangle, a favorite of hers, she was greatly in the habit of wearing. She said she had lost it-when or where she could not tell; and she expressed herself as being very grieved for its loss, and had laughingly declared she would give any reward claimed by any one who should restore it to her. Two or three men had, on the instant, pledged themselves to devote their lives to the search; but Adrian had said nothing. Nevertheless, the bangle and reward had remained in his mind all that night and all to-day. Now he can not refrain from speaking about it to the man he nsiders his rival.

"Odd thing about Miss Delmaine's bangle," he remarks carelessly.
"Very odd. I dare say her maid has put it somewhere and forgotten it."
"Hardly. One would not put a bracelet anywhere but in a jewel-case or in a special drawer. She must have dropped it mewhere."
"I dare say; those Indian bangles are

very liable to be rubbed off the wrist."
"But where? I have had the place searched high and low, and still no tidings of it can be found."

There may have been since we left home this morning."

Just at this moment they come within full view of the old tower, and its strange rounded ivy-grown walls, and the little narrow holes in the sides they show at its highest point that indicate the position of the haunted chamber. What is there at this moment in a mere glimpse of this old tower to make Arthur Dynecourt grow pale and to start so strangely? His eyes grow brighter, his lips tighten and grow

"Do you remember," he says, turning to his cousin with all the air of one to whom a sudden inspiration has come, "that day when we visited the haunted chamber? Miss Delmaine accompanied Yes"-looking at him expectantly.

"Could she have dropped it there?" asks Arthur lightly. "By Jove, it would be odd if she had—eh? Uncanny sort of place to drop one's trinkets."
"It is strange I didn't think of it beresponds Adrian, evidently by the suggestion. "Why, it

must have been just about that time when she lost it. The more I think of it the more convinced I feel that it must be there." "Nonsense, my dear fellow; don't

jump at conclusions so hastily! It is highly improbable. I should say that she dropped it anywhere else in the world."
"Well, I'll go and see, at all events, declares Adrian, unconvinced.

It is some lingering remnant of grace, some vague human shrinking from the crime that has begun to form self within his busy induces Dynecourt to try to dissuade Sir Adrian from his declared intention to search the haunted chamber for the lost bangle? With all his eloquence he seeks to convince him that there the bangle could not have been left, but to no effect. His suggestion has taken firm root in Sir Adrian's mind, and at least, as he frankly says, though it may be useless to hunt for it in that uncanny chamber, it is worth a try. It may be there. This dim possibility drives him to his fate.

"Well, if you go alone and unprotected your blood be on your own head," says Dynecourt lightly, at last surrendering his position. "Remember, whatever happens, I advised you not to go!" As Arthur finishes his speech a sinister smile overspreads his pale features, and a quick light, as evil as it is piercing comes to his eyes. But Sir Adrian sees nothing of this. He is looking at his home, as it stands grand and majestic in the red light of the dying sun. He is looking, too, at the old tower. and at the upper portion of it, where

the haunted chamber stands, where he can see the narrow holes that serve for windows. How little could a man imprisoned there see of the busy world without! "Yes. I'll remember." he says jesting-"When the ghosts of my ancestors

ly. When the ghosts of my ancestors claim me as their victim, and incarcer-ate me in some fiendish dungeon, I shall remember your words and your advice."
"You don't mean to go there, of course?" asks Arthur carelessly, whilst

watching the other with eager scrutiny. "It is quite a journey to that dismal hole, and it will be useless." "Well, if it distresses you, consider I haven't gone," says Sir Adrian lightly.
"That is right," rejoins Arthur, still with his keen eyes fixed upon his cousin. "I knew you would abandon that foolish intertion—I certainly shall

consider you haven't gone."

They are at the hall door as these words pass Arthur's lips, and there they separate, Sir Adrian leaving him with a smile, and going away up the

large hall whistling gayly. When he has turned one corner, Arthur goes quickly after him. not with the intention of overtaking him, but of

keeping him in view. Stealthily he follows, as though fearful of being There is no servant within sight. No friend comes across Sir Adrian's path. All is silent. The old house seems

wrapped in slumber. Above, the pretty guests in their dainty tea-gowns are sipping Bohea and prattling scandal; below, the domestics are occupied in their household affairs. Arthur, watching carefully, sees Sir

Adrian go quickly up the bread front staircase, after which he turns aside, and, as though filled with guilty fear, rushes through one passage or another, until he arrives in the corridor that belongs to the servant's quarters.

Coming to a certain door, he opens
it, not without some difficulty, and,

moving into the dark landing that lies beyond it, looks around. To any casual observer it might seem strange that some of the cobwebs in this apparently long-forgotten place have lately been brushed away, as by a figure ascending or descending the gloomy staircase. To Arthur these signs bring no sur-prise, which proves that he perhaps, has the best right to know whose figure

Hurrying up the stairs, after closing the door carefully and noiselessly behind him, he reaches, after considerable mountings of what seem to be interminable steps, the upper door he had opened on the day they had visited the haunted chamber, when Ringwood and he had had a passage-at-arms about his curiosity.

Now he stands breathing heavily outside this door, wrapped in the dismal darkness of the staircase, listening intently, as it were, for the coming

In the meantime, Sir Adrian, not dissuaded from his determination to search the tower for the missing bangle, runs gayly up the grand staircase, traverses the corridors and galleries, and finally comes to the first of the iron-bound doors. Opening it, he iron-bound doors. Opening it, he stands upon the landing that leads to the other door by means of the small ls it some vague shadowy sense of danger that makes him stand now as though hesitating? A conich alternation and the life in the mast two miserable days, but now I feel I must speak to some one or go mad?

eyes that are watching him through a chink in the opposite door!

Now he steps forward again, and, "Do not touch me!" she cries hoarse-

mounting the last flight of stairs, opens the fatal door and looks into the room. Even now it occurs to him how un-pleasant might be the consequences should the door close and the secret lock fasten him in against his will. He pushes the door well open, and holds it so, and then tries whether it can fall to again of its own accord, and so make a prisoner of him.

No; it stands quite open, immovable apparently, and so, convinced that he is safe enough, he commences his search. Then, swift as lightning, a form darts from its concealed position, rushes up to the stone staircase, stealthily creeping still nearer, glances into the room. Sir Adrian's back is turned: he is

stooping, looking in every corner for the missing prize. He sees nothing, hears nothing, though a treacherous form crouching on the threshold is making ready to seal his doom. Arthur Dynecourt, putting forth his

hand, which neither trembles nor falters on its deadly mission, silently lays hold of the door, and drawing it to ward him the secret lock clicks sharply, and separates the victim from the

Stealthily even now-his evil deed accomplished-Arthur Dynecourt retreats down the stairs, and never indeed relaxes his speed until at length he stands panting, but relentless, in the servant's corridor again. Remorse he knows not. But a cer-

tain sense of fear holds him irresolute, making his limbs tremble and bringing out cold dews upon his brow. His rival is safely secured, out of all harm's way as far as he is concerned. No human being saw him go to the illfated tower; no human voice heard him declare his intention of searching it for the missing trinket. He-Arthur -had been careful before parting from him to express his settled belief that Sir Adrian would not go to the haunted chamber, and therefore he feels prepared to defend his case successfully, should the baronet be lucky

enough to find a deliverer.

Yet he is not quite easy in his mind. Fear of discovery, fear of Sir Adrian's displeasure, fear of the world, fear of the rope that already seems to dangle in red lines before his eyes render him the veriest coward that walks the earth. Shall he return and release his prisoner, and treat the whole thing as a joke, and so leave Adrian free to dispense his bounty at the castle, to en-tertain in his lavish fashion, to secure the woman upon whom he-Arthurhas set his heart for his bride?

No; a thousand times no! A few short days, and all will belong to Ar-thur Dynecourt. He will be "Sir Ar-thur" then, and the bride he covets will be unable to resist the temptation of a title, and the chance of being mis-tress of the stately old pile that will call him master. Let Sir Adrian die then in his distant garret alone, despairing, undiscoverable! For who would think of going to the haunted room in search of him? Who will even guess that any mission, however important, would lead him to it, without having mentioned it to some one? It is a grewsome spot, seldom visited and gladly forgotten; and, indeed, what possibly could there be in its bare walls and its bloodstained floors to attract any one? No; surely it is the last place to suspect any one would go to without a definite purpose; and what purpose could Sir Adrian have of going there? So far Arthur feels himself safe. He turns away, and joins the women and the returned sporstmen in the upper

drawing-room.
"Where is Dynecourt?" asks some body later. Arthur, though he hears the question, does not even change color, but calmly, with a steady hand, gives Florence her tea.

"Yes; where is Sir Adrian?" asks Mrs. Talbot, glancing up at the speaker. "He left us about an hour ago," Capt. Ringwood answers. "He said he'd pre-Capt. fer walking home, and he shoveled his birds into our cart, and left us without another word. He'll turn up presently, no doubt."

"Dear me, I hope nothing has hap-pened to him!" says Ethel Villiers, who is sitting in a window through which the rays of the evening sun are stealing, turning her auburn locks to threads of rich red gold.

"I hope not. I'm sure," interposes Arthur, quite feelingly. "It does seem odd he hasn't come in before this." Then, true to his determination to so arrange matters that, if discovery en-sues upon his scheme, he may still find for himself a path out of his difficulties, he says quietly, "I met him about a mile from home, and walked here with him. We parted at the hall-door; I dare say he is in the library or the stables."

"Good gracious, why didn't you say so before?" exclaims old Lady FitzAlmont in a querulous tone." I quite began to believe the poor boy had blown out his brains through disappointed ove, or something equally objection-

Both Dora and Florence color warm-ly at this. The old lady herself is free to speak as she thinks of Sir Adrian, having no designs upon him for Lady Gertrude, that young lady being engaged to a very distinguished and tit-ed botanist, now hunting for ferns in

the West Indies. "Markham," says Mrs. Talbot to a footman who enters at this moment, "go to the library and tell Sir Adrian his tea is waiting for him."

"Yes, ma'am. But presently Markian returns and Sir Adrian is not in the abstary.

"Then try the stades, try everywhere," says Dora somewhat impa-

Markham, having tried everywhere, brings back the same answer; Sir Adrian is apparently not to be found!
"Most extraordinary," remarks Lady
FitzAlmont, faming herself. "As a
rule I have noticed that Adrian is most punctual. I do hope my first impression was not the right one, and that we shan't find him presently with his throat cut and wallowing in his blood on account of some silly young wo-

"Dear mamma," interposes Lady Gertrude, laughing, "what a terrible old-fashioned surmise! No man nowadays kills himself for a false love; he only goes and gets another.

But, when the dinner-hour arrives, and no host presents himself to lead Lady FitzAlmont into dinner. a great fear falls upon the guests save one, and confusion and dismay, and anxious conjecture reign supreme.

The night passes; the next day dawns, deepens, grows into noon, and still nothing happens to relieve the terrible anxiety that is felt by all within the castle as to the fate of its missing master. They weary themselves out wondering, idly but incessantly, what can have become of him. The second day comes and goes, so

does the third and the fourth, the fifth and the sixth, and then the seventh Florence Delmaine, who has been half-distracted with conflicting fears and emotions, and who has been sitting in her room apart from the others, with her head bent down and resting

on her hands, suddenly raising her eyes, sees Dora standing before her. The widow is looking haggard and hollow-eyed. All her dainty freshness has gone, and she now looks in years what in reality she is, close on thirtyfive. Her lips are pale and drooping, her cheeks coloriess; her whole air is suggestive of deep depression, the result of sleepless nights and days filled with grief and suspense of the most

poignant nature.
"Alas, how well she loves him too!" thinks Florence, contemplating her in silence. Dora, advancing, lays her hand upon the table near Florence, and says, in a hurried impassioned tone-"Oh, Florence, what has become of him? What has been done to him? I have tried to hide my terrible anxiety

danger that makes him stand now as though hesitating? A quick shiver runs through his veins.

"How cold it is," he says to himself, "even on this hot day, up in this melancholy place?" Yet, he is quite unconscious of the ears that are listening for his lightest movement. of the wicked

"Do not come near me; you, of all people, should be the last to come to my assistance! Besides, I am not here to talk about myself, but of him. Florence, have you any suspicion?" Dora leans forward and looks scrutinizingly at her cousin, as though fearing, yet hoping to get an answer in the affirmative. But Florence shakes her

"I have no suspicion—none," she answers sadly. "If I had should I not act mon it, whatever it might cost me?"
"Would you," asks Dora eagerly, as though impressed by her companion's words-"whatever it might cost you?" Her manner is so strange that Flor-

ence pauses before replying.
"Yes," she says at last. "No earthly consideration should keep me from using any knowledge I might by accident or otherwise become possessed of to lay bare this mystery. Dora." she cries suddenly, "if you know anything, I implore, I entreat you to say se."
"What should I know?" responds

the widow, recoiling.
"You loved him too," says Florence oiteously, now more than ever conrinced that Dora is keeping something midden from her. "For the sake of that ove, disclose anything you may know about this awful matter.'

"I dare not speak openly," replies the widow, growing even a shade paler, because my suspicion is of the barest character, and may be altogether wrong. Yet there are moments when some hidden instinct within my breast whispers to me that I am on the right "If so," murmurs Florence, falling

upon her knees before her, "do not hesitate; follow up this instinctive feeling, and who knows but something may come of it! Dora, do not delay. Soon, soon-if not already-it may be too late. Alas," she cries, bursting into bitter tears, "what do I say? Is it not too late even now? What hope can there be after six long days, and no

"I will do what I can, I am resolved," declares Dora, rising abruptly to her "If too late to do any good, it may not be too late to wring the truth from him, and bring the murderer to "From him? From whom - what

murderer?" exclaims Florence, in a voice of horror. "Dora, what are you "Never mind. Let me go now; and to-night—this evening let me come to you here again, and tell you the result

of what I am now about to do." She quits the room as silently as she entered it, and Florence, sinking back in her chair, gives herself up to the excitement and amazement that are overpowering her. There is something else, too, in her thoughts that is puzzling and perplexing her; in all Dora's manner there was nothing that would lead her to think that she loved Sir Adrian; there was fear, and a desire for revenge in it, but none of the despair of a loving woman who had lost the man to whom she has given her heart. Florence is still pondering things, while Dora, going swiftly down stairs, turns into the side hall, glanc-

ing into library and rooms as she goes along, plainly in search of something or some one. At last her search is successful; in a small room she finds Arthur Dynecourt apparently reading, as he sits in a large arm-chair, with his eyes fixed intently upon the book in his hand. Seeing her, he closes the volume, and, throwing it from him, says carelessly:

"Pshaw - what contemptible trash they write nowadays!" "How can you sit here calmly readexclaims Dora vehemently, when we are all so distressed in mind! But I forgot"-with a meaning glance you gain by his death; we do not." "No, you lose," he retorts coolly.

"Though, after all, even had things been different, I can't say I think you had much chance at any time." He smiles insolently at her as he says this. But she pays no heed either to his words or his smile. Her whole soul seems wrapped in one thought, and at last she gives expression to it.
What have you done with him?" she breaks forth, advancing toward him,

as though to compel him to give her an answer to the question that has been torturing her for days past. "With whom?" he asks coldly. Yet there is a forbidding gleam in his eyes that should have warned her to for-

"With Sir Adrian-with your rival. with the man you hate," she cries, her breath coming in little irrepressible Dynecourt, I adjure you to speak the truth, and say what has beome of him."

"You rave." he says calmly, lifting his eyebrows just a shade, as though in pity for her foolish excitement. "I con-fess the man was no favorite of mine, and that I can not help being glad of this chance that has presented itself in his extraordianry disappearance of my inheriting his place and title; but real-, my dear creature, I know as little of what has become of him, as-I presume—you do yourself." "You lie!" cries Dora, losing all con-

trol over herself. "You have murdered him, to get him out of your path. His death lies at your door."

She points her finger at him as though in condemnation as she utters

these words, but still he does not flinch. "They will take you for a Bedlamite," he says, with a sneering laugh, "if you conduct yourself like this. Where are your proofs that I am the cold-blooded ruffian you think me?" "I have none"—in a despairing tone.

"But I shall make it the business of my life to find them." "You had better devote your time to some other purpose," he exclaims savagely, laying his hand upon her wrist with an amount of force that leaves red mark upon the delicate flesh. Do you hear me? You must be mad to go on like this to me. I know nothing of Adrian, but I know a good deal of your designing conduct, and your wild jealousy of Florence Delmaine. All the world saw how devoted he was to her, and-mark what I say-there have been instances of a jealous woman killing the man she loved, rather than see him in the arms of another."

"Demon!" shrieks Dora, recoiling from him. "You would fix the crime on me?" Why not? I think the whole case tells terribly against you. Hitherto I have spared you. I have refrained from hinting even at the fact that your jealousy had been aroused of late; but your conduct of to-day, and the wily unfortunate mystery connected with my unhappy cousin, have made me forget my forbearance. Be warned in time, cease to persecute me about this matter, or-wretched woman that you are-I shall certainly make it my business to investigate the entire matter

and bring you to justice "Traitor!" cries Dora, raising her pale face and looking at him with horror and defiance. "You triumph now, ror and defiance. "You triumph now, because, as yet, I have no evidence to support my belief; but"—she hesitates.
"Ah, brazen it out to the last!" says
Dynecourt insolently. "Defy me while
you can. To-day I shall set the bloodounds of the law upon your track, so

beware-beware!" "You refuse to tell me anything?" exclaims Dora, ignoring his words, and treating them as though they are unheard. "So much the worse for you." She turns from him, and leaves the room as she finishes speaking; but, though her words have been defiant there is no kindred feeling in her heart to bear her up.
When the door closes between them,

the flush dies out of her face, and she looks even more wan and hopeless than she did before seeking his presence. She can not deny to herself that her mission has been a failure. He has openly scoffed at her threats, and she suspicion; the bravado with which he has sought to turn the tables upon herself both frightens and disheartens her, and now she confesses to herself that she knows not where to turn for coun-

[Continued.]

WHAT AN EARTHQUAKE OR CYCLONE WOULD DO THERE.

Strong Presentation of the Probable Consequences of Such a Convulsion of Nature.

Cincinna'i Enquirer. nigh stories. Erasmus remarked of Amsterdam, which was built on piles driven into the mud. that he dizzy and weighty structures upon The bumpkin, after scratching his the church. than anywhere on the globe where an earthquake has struck."

"You remind me," raid I, "of these desolate and gruesome reformers hattan Island." self when ever an earthquake would

ipon an estuary; and when we arrive their altitudinous cerulean flights of Charleston, as I have said, the oratory for the purity of the ballot, If we are to suppose that the con- Bow County, Montana?" the gulf stream and the volcanic were legal voters. mountains of the West Indies and Central America, there is no great were aliens who had declared their inprobability that our granite main- tention to become citizens and they land has ever been or ever will be were under the Territoral laws entiaffected from the same cause and re- tled to vote.

tions is tolerably well defined. San where there were hard parts, thus gree since "Adam delved," and the acted like a charm in my case." constituting the stretch of tolerably "middle man" has always existed as a uniform ranges through our Western | greater or less evil. and Middle States. The trend of the Alegheny chains is from about Chatta- existing facts, and finds that wheat googa to the Hudson river, near the sells at forty to fifty cents a bushel, chains are found taking in the whole atten to thirteen cents. For thirtybreadth of New England, from almost | nine years ending 1889, the increase within sight of the seacoast back to in population was 175 per cent., and

the region of Canada. have been covered with sand in time, ring twenty years the exportation of and, therefore, you can strike be- corn has averaged less than five per water. There is no analogy to war- must depend on home requirements. caloric conditions. There seems to els, yet, counting the cost of the be no record that the city of New extra amount handled, it will bring York ever had an important earth- the growers \$100,000,000 less. Again, quake. Hence, the establishment of the crop of 1878 was 64 per cent. these high buildings on the island of greater than that of 174: and, allow-New York is fairly conservative, and ance made for cost of handling, up in London and in the main cen- less.

row it is probably the least solid: quite probably due to bars formed by the confluence of waters through the Sound and the East River and the Harrison River. Long Island appears to be a gravel formation, something in the nature of drift or alluthe waters, and move about. But the mountains in northern New York of organic life were visible there.

A Horrible Story. A horrible story comes from Morocco. A large box was recently received from the interior of the country at the port Mazagan for shipand had evidently been a long time had taken vengeance on his harem. Regulator.

PEPPER FROM ZEB VANCE.

A Very Lively Speech on the Montana Senatorship-Anecdotes Which Fit the Case. In the United States Senate the other day, when the Montana election case was taken up. Vance, a member of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, made an argument in sup-New York is turning into a city of port of the minority report, declaring in Calvary Church, at One Hundred Clark and Maginnis, the Democratic and Thirty-ninth street and Seventh up. claimants, entitled to the seats. In avenue, there have been several occathe course of his speech he told the sions when the members of the Constory of a person who was once ference and others who attended the had seen a town where the people schooling a country bumpkin to fit meetings had occasion to complain are like crows on the tree-tops, but him to be god father at a christening, that either attempts had been made New York is putting up the most The parson asked him what was the lost money while entering or leaving outward and visible sign of baptism. to pick their pockets or that they had the smallest possible pieces of ground. head for awhile, answered with an On two occasions the acts of the so that a scientific man lately re- air of triumph, "Why-the baby to pickpocket were so deliberate as to marked to me: "If an carthquake be sure." And so he said, the outward leave to doubt that the criminal was ever strikes the city of New York it and visible backsliding of the Republa professional. The Rev. Dr. Day, will produce more death and ruin lican party will be the Montanatwins pastor of the church, called the atten--not the baby but a couple of them. tion of the police to the incidents, [Laughter.] He also illustrated Hoar's and Captain Hooker detailed several position that while none of the ob- men in civilian's clothing to watch jections to counting the votes of for the offender at the service on Sunwho are telling us that the surplus precinct 34 in Silver Bow County day morning. The announcement will be expended in a few months, was sufficient of itself to justify rethat Bishop Goodsell was to preach whereas they never told us that there jection of the votes all of them to- brought together a very large would be any surplus six months be- gather did constitute sufficient ground audience, and among the attendants fore it was coming. They are not for doing so by an anecdote of a was Mrs. Reed, one of the most active going to stop building, I apprehend. justice of the peace before whom a; of the ladies connected with the in New York for fear of carthquakes. case was tried in which eleven dischurch. When the services were which have never yet come to Man- tinct pleas in bar were entered. The concluded Mrs. Reed walked with justice took them up one by one and some of her friends toward the cen-However, I fell to reflecting my decided as to each of them that it tral exit of the church, where there was not worth one cent, but that are placed contribution boxes to come to Manhattan Island at any taking all of them together they made receive money for the assistance of time, now or far in the future. I did a good case for the defendant, He missionaries. Mrs. Reed placed not see any sound reason to appre- (Vance)had never heard a title to a some money in one of these, and was hend any earthquake in this quarter. seat in the Senate based on such about to put her hand in her pocket We have had earthquakes along the slender technical, trifling grounds in order to get her handkerchief tidal alluvial sandbar country, which He had never known the public will have come as far north as Baltimore, of a community to be thwarted and and perhaps, Philadelphia. Our worst trampled underfoot on such flimsy

earthquake in the East has been at pretexts. He knew, he said, that the Charleston, where the mountain range | fiat had gone forth. He knew that which defines the solid limits of the the Republican claimants were to be continent is a great way inland. The seated. But in the wise regulation Charlestons earthquake was really a of the moral world there was combig thing, and we can afford for a pensation for all things, The Remoment to glance at it with reference publican Senators would be sicker to the rocky framework of this conti- over this thing before they were done nent. It is 130 miles from Charles- with it than he was. He once heard of ton to Columbia, and thence to the an old fellow who went out to Ohio in her hurry it became tangled in the mountains it is at least 140 miles, or, to speculate in hogs. He bought a we may say, about 300 miles from the big drove of them and shipped them seat of the late earthquake to the rib to New York. He found that hogs She did not hesitate at this, however. of the continent, which is the Blue were cheaper there than they were She ripped the dress down the side, in Ohio. So he shipped them back and would have escaped at once had When you come out to New York, and sold them in Ohio and some however, you see that same moun- friend said to him: "Jim, you made a tain almost overhanging the city: bad speculation." "Yes", said he-"I what is called the Orange mountain lost a good deal of money, but I had New Jersy is the eastern dike of the the company of the hogs both ways. Allegheny ridge. In short New En- So he (Vance) thanked God that in gland and tidal New York are the all future denunciations of the South solid continent, down almost to the for the suppression of colored votes, ed and tore Mrs. Reed's hands to gates of the ocean. The rock line Southern Senators would have the then recedes and it is 100 miles west company of the hogs. [Laughter.] And she was obliged to relinquish her of Philadelphia, forty miles west of all that they would have to do was to hold. Vashington, which if itself far inland inquire of the Republican Senators in

vulsion which overthrew a part of Edmunds inquired whether the 174 Charleston had some relation with persons who had voted at precinct 34 any attempt to pursue the woman and

Vance asserted that they were. They

Francisco has felt earthquakes and Forum has an article addressed to ceed in finding her. been greatly dwarfed by them, and this question: "Why the farmer is since the two earthquakes over there not prosperous." The writer admits during the present generation they the fact and deplores it. There are have ceased to build high houses on ten million people employed, in agrithat coast. The volcanic zone seems culture in the United States. The to embrace the Sandwich Islands greater portion of these people are many ills that flesh and blood are and co-terminus parts of the Pacific. unprofitably employed. The farming heir to: it pleases him exceedingly to Caraccas and Lisbon constitute two interest is in a condition of "unthrift." centers of an ellipse, where the The state of affairs is not the result earth has been greatly disturbed of laziness, for the planter works within the historic memory. But the longer and lives more economically formation of the Allegheny mountain than other people. It is not due to hain, which constitutes the eastern the crop failures, for the land is prolike of the Mississippi valley, would ductive and seasons in the main satisappear from geological criticism to factory. When the farmer finds that be altogether different from the vol- he cannot make fair remuneration canic formations of the tropics and he concludes with justice that "the the Cordilleras. It seems to be the times are out of joint." He attributes dea that the Alleghenies where once his failure to the lack of silver, to a high table land with a soft under high tariff, to prevalence of trusts, to stratum, and that the plateau fell the railroads and to speculation in down like a piece of bad masonry, and farm products. But these things eft the chains to catch each other have prevailed to greater or less de-

The writer turns his attention to ity of New York, and thus some oats at nine to twelve cents, and corn the increase in the production of corn The city of New York is built upou was 257 per cent., of wheat 389 per slands and bars of hard gneiss which | cent., and of oats 411 per cent. Durant the belief that New England, With such tremendous increase in

the same class of buildings are put brought the farmers \$149,000,000 ters of Europe, and where cheap coal and invention justify and stimu- for twenty years is, in brief, that as late elevators to supplant stairways. the area in cultivation has increased. New York is a very narrow island, so has the product per capita, to be and where the island is the least nar- followed by ever-declining prices and diminishing returns per acre. If, in manner in which you have sought to that it is to say, the expansions of the period ending in 1874, with a accuse me of being implicated in this this sland toward the East River are leastly supply of 62 to 100 people, the this island toward the East River are cattle supply of 62 to 100 people, the supply of corn less than 25 bushels per capita, that of wheat and oats less than 6.5 bushels, and the domestic consumption of pork, 75 pounds for each inhabitant, all the requirements of the people for bread and meat | crawled under and discovered him in promptly met. it is quite apparent that, estimating consumption per in the hand. Murrell let fall the such as the Adirondacks, were de- capita as fifteen per cent. greater pistol and surrendered. scribed by Agassiz as the oldest dry than, then, the present supply of beef ground on the globe. One of his is sufficient for 71,000,000 people; that lectures, entitled "America, the Older of swine of 76,000,000; of wheat for Continent," shows that the Adiron- 79,000,000; of corn for 70,500,000; and newable plan, at age 40, costs only dack Mountains are the oldest land of oats for more than 100,000,000. S14.25 per annum per \$1,000. See and the hardest land on earth: they The logical conclusion from the evialvertisement. were long called Azoic, because no dence offered is that the trouble of fossil remains or shells or rudiments the farmer are due to the fact that there are altogether too many farms.

The Wheat Crop.

The Louisville Courier-Journal publishes reports on the growing wheat crop from one hundred and fifty of its correspondents in Ken- four more; is to be of a single span, SAW MILLS AND GRIST WILLS, tucky, Tennessee, Southern Indiana and stand as high from the water as ment. It was addressed to a person and Northern Alabama. The outlook the present Brooklyn bridge. Its COTION GINS PRESSES AND ELEission has been a failure. He has unknown, and was opened, when a ware that she has not a shred of act—when the dealy scoffed at her threats, and she aware that she has not a shred of act—when the dealy sight was revealed. Closely nearly average crop; while across the years, and end within ten years. This ual evidence wherewith to support her packed in a box were the bodies of Ohio and in Tennessee the prospects bridge, if built, will excel the famous BRICK AND TILING MACHINERY. sixteen young women, one man and a are not so good. This is especially Forth bridge. negress. All the victims had been the case in the border counties of decapitated and the heads were missing. The bodies were embalmed, has played havoc with the grain.

in the condition in which they were Diseases Peculiar to women, espefound. It is believed the slaughter cially monthly disorders, are cured by The village, composed of less than was the work of some pasha, who the timely use of Bradfield's Female two dozen houses, is a considerable

A PICKPOCKET IN CHURCH.

An Unexpected Incident at the Service of

New York. April 10 .- During the session of the New York Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church

when she found a hand there. She turned quickly and discovered

a neatly dressed woman, about forty years old, wearing a shawl of Paisley manufacture and a very jaunty hat. Mrs. Reed followed the arm of the intruding hand and grasped the woman's shawl, exclaiming:

"You thief, take your hand from

my pocket!" The woman muttered something and tried to take her hand away, but dress and she could not extricate it without tearing Mrs. Reed's costume. not Mrs. Reed taken a firmer clutch upon the pickpocket's shawl and clung with all her might, calling for assistance, her necessity being apparent to those who were leaving the church. The thief, seeing that it was likely she would be captured, scratchsuch a degree that from very pain

The woman in her struggle to get away lost her shawl and hat. While the confusion continued she succeedmountains are near 250 miles inland. "Who stole precinct No. 34 of Silver ed in regaining these and made her escape, without any of Captain Hooker's men appearing or making arrest her. Several members of the Conference chased the thief a little way, but they lost her in the rapidlymoving crowd in Seventh avenue. Mrs. Reed saved her pocketkook, but at the expense of badly scratched The area of earthquakes and erup- Why the Farmer is Not Prosperous. fied by Mrs. Reed and those who saw A thoughtful writer in the April the occurrence should the police suc-

Kind Words of Cheer.

When a proprietor knows he has a grand and glorious remedy for the receive such evidences of appreciation as follows: W. F. Miles, Milesville, N. C., writes: "I have used Botanic Blood

recommended to be." D. C. Blanton, Thomasville, Ga., D. C. Blanton, Thomasville, Ga., physiciaus. For sale by Wannamake. writes: "I have used Botanic Blood Murray Co., Columbia. S. C., and who. Balm in my family as a tonic and Blood purifier with high satisfactory results."
F. O. Hoffman, editor of the Times,

Rocky Mount, Va., writes: "I am pleased to say that Botanic Blood Balm is the best appetizer and tonic for delicate people I ever saw. It F. H. Hickey, 1208 Main street, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I was broke

out all over with sores and my hair was falling out. After using a few bottles of Botanic Blood Balm my hair quit falling out and all the sores got well." Julia E.-Johnson, Stafford's P. O. S. C., writes: "I had suffered 13 years with eczema and was at times confined to my bed. The itching was

terrible. My son-in-law got me onehalf dozen bottles of Botanic Blood Balm, which entirely cured me and I tween the bars of rock here and there cent., and of oats less than one per ask you to publish this for the beneand find either quicksilver or well cent., so the price of these grains fit of others suffering in like manner. August A. Klages, 810 St. Charles street, Baltimore, Md., writes: "From New York city, or the region of the crops, the price is bound to fall. The my youth I suffered from a taint in Alleghenies are ever to suffer from corn crop of 1889 exceeded that of my blood. My face and body was other than universal electrical and 1887 by more than 656,000,000 bush- continually affected with eruptions and sores. I am now 42 years of age and had been treated both in Germany and America, but no remedy overcame the trouble until I used Botanic Blood Balm. I have used about twenty bottles, and now my skin is clear, smooth and healthy, and I consider the poison permanently driven from my blood. I endorse it

as the best blood remedy. An Edgefield Murderer Captured. COLUMBIA, S. C., April 9.—Whitfield Murrell, one of the convicted murderers of Paul Younce, who escaped from Edgefield jail several months ago, was captured this morning in a cave under his father's house, six miles from Johnston. A score of men surrounded the house during the night, and today two of them vial, which is subject to the action of spirits and provender were fully and a cave. He clapped a pistol to the head of one, but the other shot him

A policy in the Valley Mutual Life Association, on the ten year re-

A Great Bridge.

The Congressional House of Representatives has passed the bill for the big new bridge across the Hudson River between New York and Jersey River. The bridge is to have six railroad tracks, with capacity for

-It is learned that Harper's Ferry Henry county, Ky., was almost completely destroyed by the tornado. distance from the railroad.

Pianos and Organs. N. W. TRUMP, 134 Main Street, Columbia, S. C., sells Pianos and Organs the New York Methodist Episcopal Con- direct from factory. No agents' com-

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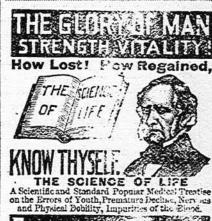
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